



YE FIRST MEET OF YE SEASON.

From a rare old Frieze (not) in the British Museum.

THE UNHAPPY VALET DE SHAM.

Two questions suggested themselves to me while sitting out *The Lackey's Carnival* at the Duke of York's Theatre; first, supposing this play by Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES had been performed by Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM and company, would it have appeared so hopelessly bad as it does on this stage? Secondly, what would have been the fate of *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, with all its great merit, but with its superfluous fourth act, had it been cast and produced at this Theatre? And my answer to both queries is, that, granting the hypotheses, the defects of *The Lackey's Carnival* would not have been so glaringly apparent at Mr. WYNDHAM'S theatre, and that, whatever success the third act of *Mrs. Dane's Defence* might have achieved at the Duke of York's, it would have been utterly cancelled by the weakness of its fourth act. Ere this opinion shall see the light, it is not absolutely improbable that *The Lackey's Carnival* will have been relegated to the Limbo of Lost Plays.

In *James Tarboy*, the principal character of the piece, Mr. JONES has created a monster unredeemed by one touch of any good quality in ordinary human nature, and in his reproduction of the original Mr. ALLAN AYNWORTH, makes the fatal mistake of broadening the lines and intensifying their blackness. Then he dabs on patches of colour here and there, the effect

of which is to render this "living picture," of an already contemptible scoundrel, grotesquely repulsively.

MISS EDITH MATTHISON is good as the wife; CARLOTTA ADDISON excellent as the detestable mother of the villain; and Master HARRINGTON is capital as that juvenile "liar and slave," the page-boy.

? MISPRINT.

[Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN claims to have at last succeeded in binding together the dissentient elements of the Irish party into "a coherent political force."]

We have read the above paragraph several times over, first hurriedly—then slowly, and with care. Perhaps the explanation of the seeming mystery is that the last word, "force," should be spelled with an "a" instead of an "o." Then it reads all right.

PAINTING THE TOWN (AND COUNTRY) BLUE.—The *Graphic* publishes an interesting map, showing at a glance the results of the Parliamentary Election. Unionist boroughs and counties are coloured blue, Liberal strongholds red. It is decidedly a blue lookout for Liberals. They will comfort themselves with the reflection that colours thus imposed are apt to wash out.

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

*Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.*

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER VIII.

A RIGHTABOUT FACER FOR MR. BHOSH.

Halloo! at a sudden your love warfare is changed!

Your dress is changed! Your address is changed!

Your express is changed! Your mistress is changed!

Halloo! at a sudden your funny fair is changed!

*A song sung by Messengeress Binda before Krishnages
Dr. Ram Kinoo Dutt (of Chittagong.)*

THOSE who are *au fait* in the tortoise involutions of the feminine disposition will hear without astonishment that DUCHESS DICKINSON—so far from being chastened and softened by the circumstance that the curse she had launched at Mr. BHOSH's head had returned, like an illuminous raven, to roost upon her own nose and irreparably destroyed its contour—was only the more bitterly incensed against him.

Instead of interring the hatchet that had flown back, as if it were that fabulous volatile the boomerang, she was in a greater stew than ever, and resolved to leave no stone unturned to trip him up. But what trick to play, seeing that all the honours were in Mr. BHOSH's hands?

She could not officiate as Marplot to discredit him in the affections of his ladylove, since the Princess was too severely enamoured to give the loan of her ear to any sibilations from a snake in grass.

How else, then, to hinder his match? At this she was seized with an idea worthy of MACCARONI himself. She paid a complimentary visit to the Princess, arrayed in the sheepish garb of a friend, and contrived to lure the conversation on to the vexed question of prying into futurity.

Surely, she artfully suggested, the Princess at such a momentous epoch of her existence had, of course, not neglected the sensible precaution of consulting some competent soothsayer respecting the most propitious day for her nuptials with the accomplished Mr. BHOSH? . . .

What, had she omitted to pop so important a question? How incredibly harebrained! Fortunately, there was yet time to do the needful, and she herself would gladly volunteer to accompany the Princess on such an errand.

Princess VAXOLIA fell a ready victim into the jaws of this diabolical booby-trap and inquired the address and name of the cleverest necromancer, for it is matter of notoriety that London ladies are quite as superstitious and addicted to working the oracle as their native Indian sisters.

The Duchess replied that the Astrologer-Royal was a *facile princeps* at uttering a prediction, and accordingly on the very next day she and the Princess, after disguising themselves, set forth on the summit of a tramway 'bus to the Observatory Temple of Greenwich, where, after first propitiating the prophet by offerings, they were ushered into a darkened inner chamber. Although they were strictly *pseudo*, he at once informed them of their gennine cognomens, and also told them much concerning their past of which they had hitherto been ignorant.

And to the Princess he said, stroking the long and silvery hairs of his beard, "My daughter, I foresee many calamities which will inevitably befall thee shouldst thou marry before the day on which the bridegroom wins a certain contest called the Derby with a horse of his own."

The gentle VANOLIA departed melancholy as a gib cat, since Mr. BHOSH was not the happy possessor of so much as a single racing-horse of any description, and it was therefore not feasible that he should become entitled to wear the blue ribbon of the turf in his buttonhole on his wedding day!

With many sighs and tears she imparted her piece of news to the horror-stricken ears of our hero, who earnestly assured her that it was contrary to commonsense and *bonos mores*, to attach any importance to the mere *ipse dixit* of so antiquated a charlatan as the Astrologer-Royal, who was utterly incapable—except at very long intervals—to bring about even such a simple affair as an eclipse which was visible from his own Observatory!

However, the Princess, being a feminine, was naturally more prone to puerile credulities, and very solemnly declared that nothing would induce her to kneel by Mr. BHOSH's side at the torch of Hymen until he should first have distinguished himself as a Derby winner.

Whereat Mr. BHOSH, perceiving that the date of his nuptial ceremony was become a *dies non* in a Grecian calendar, did wring his hands in a bath of tears.

Alas! he was totally unaware that it was his implacable enemy, the Duchess DICKINSON, who had thus upset his apple-cart of felicity—but so it was, for by a clandestine bribe, she had corrupted the Astrologer-Royal—a poor, weak, very avaricious old chap—to trump out such a disastrous prediction.

Some men in this hard plight would have thrown up the leek, but Mr. BHOSH was stuffed with sterner materials. He swore a very long oath by all the gods that he had ceased to believe in, that sooner or later, by crook or hook, he would win the Derby race, though entirely destitute of horseflesh and very ill able to afford to purchase the most mediocre quadruped.

Here some sporting readers will probably object! Why could he not enlist his unwieldy giffhorse among Derby candidates and so hoist the Duchess on the pinnacle of her own petard?

To which I reply: Too clever by halves, Masters! *Imprimis*, the steed in question was of far too ferocious a temperament (though undeniably swift-footed) ever to become a favourite with Derby judges; secondly, after dismounting Mr. BHOSH, it had again taken to its heels and departed into the Unknown, nor had Mr. BHOSH troubled himself to ascertain its private address.

But fortune favours the brave. It happened that Mr. BHOSH was one day promenading down the Bayswater Road when he was passed by a white horse drawing a milk chariot with unparalleled velocity, outstripping omnibuses, waggons, and even butcher-carts in its windlike progress, which was unguided by any restraining hand, for the milk-charioteer himself was pursuing on foot.

His natural puissance in equine affairs enabled Mr. BHOSH to infer that the steed which could cut such a record when handicapped with a cumbrous dairy chariot would exhibit even greater speed if in *puris naturalibus*, and that it might even not improbably carry off first prize in the Derby race.

So, as the milk-charioteer ran up, overblown with anxiety, to learn the result of his horse's escapade, Mr. BHOSH stopped him to inquire what he would take for such an animal.

The dairy-vendor, rather foolishly taking it for granted that horse and cart were gone concerns, thought he was making the good stroke of business in offering the lot for a twenty-pound note.

"I have done with you!" cried Mr. BHOSH sharply, handing over the purchase-money, which he very fortunately chanced to have about him, and galloping off to inspect his bargain, which was like buying a pig without first poking it in the ribs.

In what condition he found it I must leave you to learn, my dear readers, in an ensuing chapter.

(To be continued.)

"SHARPSHOOTER CORPS."

Easy Conversationalist. Have you ever seen the "Sharpshooter Corps"?

Sufferer. No, but I've felt it, and had it extracted.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE SPOOK.

[According to the the *Daily Telegraph* of October 23, spiritualists and their disembodied friends have lately been protesting at Professor DEWAR's experiments with air at low temperatures, whereby sundry stray spooks have been caught and solidified along with the atmosphere. As a result of their ignominious incarceration, several hitherto well-affected spirits have threatened to emigrate to a climate where a less pressure is brought to bear upon them.]

I 'M a Spook of respectable birth—
My record is perfectly clean;
Since I quitted the earth
I've consistently been
A phantom of recognised worth.

I am found in the spectral "Who's
Who?"

And my visiting list is select—
Just a medium or two
That I'm sure are "correct."
I tell them in raps how I do!

I'm thoroughly harmless, you see;
So I think that I've cause to complain
Of the needless degree
Of detention and pain
I endure in this land of the free.

For look, when I'm paying a call
On a crony and feeling secure,
I am certain to fall
In an air-trap where DEWAR
Is lying in wait for a haul.

Ere I'm able to beat a retreat
The Professor will murmur, "There's
air!"
To exhibit his feat
I am frozen with care
Like a joint of Australian meat!

Then I'm kept in a vile little-ease
Of a vial (forgive me the jape!)
Where there's no room to sneeze
And I'm bent out of shape
With my noddle tucked under my
knees.

Thus an innocent wraith to way-lay
By the heels with this solid-air trick
Is become, I may say,
What you call "a bit thick"—
From this "frost" let me clear right
away! A. A. S.

DARBY JONES ON LORD DURHAM.

HONOURED SIR,—Although I failed to stigmatise (Old Expression *redivivus*) the Actual Winner of that famous Handicap the Cambridgeshire Stakes, I nevertheless cast to the winds the chances of the *Raft* and *Democrat*, and indicated some good Place Investments. By-the-way what Translucent Joy must Mr. BASSER feel beating beneath his Winter Waistcoat when he is returned his subscription of 25 sovereigns by reason of *Good Luck* having occupied the position recognised in European Monarchy by the Nephew of NAPOLEON ONE.



CL. STAMP. 420.
Brown (slapping total Stranger on back). "HULLO, OLD MAN, HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR AN AGE. DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?"
Stranger. "I DON'T REMEMBER YOUR FACE, BUT YOUR MANNER'S VERY FAMILIAR."

It is not, however, Noble Sir, my object to discourse about the Newmarket Terminus, but rather would I offer a few Remarks as totally unbiassed as a Texan Broncho—on the Wit and Wisdom of the Noble Earl of Durham—and believe me, Honoured Sir, the Head of House of Lambton has whacked his Hammer on the Right-Wrong Reptile—just as his Illustrious Ancestor demolished the Lambton Worm. It isn't a question of whether a Race Horse owner is an American or Briton, or a Japanese or a Laplander, it's whether he plays what we call "The Strict Game." And when we find Yankee Jockeys foul-riding followed by a crowd of Yankee Bunco-Steerers, we open our Eyelashes and ask "What price Canvasback Ducks?" The Earl is RIGHT (print that in "caps,"—"jockey caps" of course—), but being a Steward of the Omnivorous Jockey Club he can't open his

mouth as wide as the Shepherds' Bush Twopenny Tube Railway.

I, Sir, have consistently advocated the LICENSING OF BOOKMAKERS by the Jockey Club. All right-minded Slaves of the Ring would welcome such an Edict, for it would be the Destruction of the "Hook it" Gentry round about Piccadilly Circus. Like the Melancholy Italian, they have their barrel Organs, but if Lord DURHAM would take up this question, he would throw such a Solid Running Path over the Lava of the Turf, as might, indeed, satisfy the Requirements of that Magnificent Free Librarian, Mr. PASSMORE EDWARDS, who, though individually opposed to the Curse of Betting, nevertheless collectively supplies in his lively Margarine-coloured organ the *Echo*, some of the best Sporting News in London.—I am, your devoted Henchman,
DARBY JONES.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
IN MONTHLY PARTS.

XI.—THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION SECTION.

OCTOBER 1ST TO 4TH.—

FRIENDS, Britons, patriots and C. I. V.,
I come to bury CÆSAR! He is off,
With your polite applause to lay his ghost!
Long tempted, like another ANTONY,
By soft seductions of the modern Muse,
I have commissioned Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS—
And PHILLIPS is a very useful man
Who understands my genius to a T
(Not all the bards are very useful men)—
To fashion me a play to take the Town.
And he has done it, if I know what 's what.
Indeed, the thing is quite original,
Save for the plot adapted from the Greek
Of that sublime historian JOSEPHUS,
Who also was a very useful man.
So much for PHILLIPS. In the title-rôle,
Trusting to steady patronage, I hope,
With your permission, to surpass myself.
Others, at such a juncture might perhaps
Out-Herod HEROD; I shall purpose to
Out-Beerbohm BEERBOHM! Thanking you again.

H. B-RB-HM TR-E.

5TH, 6TH.—How like a timorous sloth of tender years
My reputation hangs upon a TREE;
Bravely it bears my weight; and yet the blood
Sings in my brain, not altogether used
To being upside-down.

I seem to hear
The strain of all the heart-strings in the stalls,
And all the public breathing in the pit!
Now is the climax when the author's pulse
Is at its hottest; now the crucial scene,
When everything is blank, besides the verse,
And either HEROD or myself goes mad!

* * * * *

(Later).

We stand together wreathed in wedded smiles;
I never thought a TREE could spread such bows!

ST-PH-N PH-LL-PS.

7TH, 8TH.—In order to wake to ecstasy the throbbing heart of a great people, it is not grammar that is needed, nor yet the power of suborning the venal critic. What you want is a profound and intimate knowledge of facts, of human nature, of realities; combined with an exquisite modesty of attitude on the author's part. Those are the qualities for lack of which *The Christian* failed.

M-RIE C-R-LLI.

9TH, 10TH.—There was a time when I taught the Island to measure the actual value of literary work by its popularity in the British market. The inexplicable success of *The Master Christian* among the middle classes has compelled me to modify this opinion. It may be that the overwhelming force of one illustrious example encouraged me to make an unwarranted generalisation.

H-LL C-NE.

11TH TO 13TH.—*Suave mari, &c.* Yet, indeed, in no Epicurean sense, it is well to withdraw betimes from the fierce conflict of parties that one may secure a bird's-eye view of the vanity of affairs. ACHILLES in his tabernacle, NAPOLEON on Elba, HARCOURT, MORLEY and I have all enjoyed this restful experience; beautified, with some of us, by the pursuit of history or dialectics. The first four, it is true, returned to public life, with fatal results in more cases than I care to mention. For myself,

greatly as I admire the Man of Action, I have had a thought that posterity may, after all, prefer to know me as a literary craftsman who merely devoted his superfluous energy to politics and the Turf by way of distraction.

R-S-B-RY.

15TH.—Sybarite!

W. V-RN-N H-RC-RT.

16TH, 17TH.—The deeficulty aboot sic a name as WATSON (ye'll ken that IAN MACLAREN is naethin' but a fechtin' disguise) is that a mon may be mistaken for anither genius of that ilk descreption. I hae a letter fra a puir body wha says: "Honoured Sir, me and my family wishes to let you know that our souls have been wonderful refreshed and elevated by your noble pome—*Abdul the Damned.*"

I-N M-CL-R-N.

18TH.—Great Muse! and can it be this godless isle

Breeds any so impervious of pelt

That they confound my chaste and Greekish style

With kailyard cackle of the so-called Kelt?

W-LL-M W-TS-N.

(To be resumed next week.)

O. S.

HORACE HIBERNICISED.

[The Nationalist address to Mr. KRUGER states that the memorialists are "proudly conscious that they represent all that is best in Ireland."]

Ad *Mæcenatem Krugerum.*

KRUGER, of ancient Dopper strain,
Thro' whom advertisement we gain;
There is a common class of Celt
Who proves his valour on the veldt,
And holds the rarer metals dross
Beside the copper of a cross.
One here, whose feet to honour climb
Undogged by outrage and by crime,
One there, who courts the shafts of fate
In loyal service of the State,
It may be difficult to teach
The smaller parts of currish speech.
The man who, all unwisely brave,
In seeking glory dares the grave,
May often haply favour least
The moonlight maiming of a beast,
And he who snipes his country's foe
Perversely lets his landlord go.
Of Erin's sons there are whose pride
Is to be true whenever tried,
Large-hearted, loyal, gallant, gay,
A colour spot on English grey.
Us it rejoices to bemean
Ourselves by idiotic spleen,
By rant vaingloriously writ,
And rancour unadorned by wit.
For worth we know one only test,
That the most blatant is the best;
And if your Honour mark us—well,
Our heads, if not our hearts, will swell.

NOT AN UNREASONABLE IDEA.

First Citizen. What 's the meaning of this? 'Aving done with the General Election, 'ere we are landed up with the Municipals? 'Oo 's responsible for this?

Second Citizen. Why, the printers and bill-stickers of course. They'd like an Election every week.

AFTER THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Big Plunger. Well, whenever I get a chance of a dash on a precious stone I'm in it. I backed *Diamond Jubilee* for the Derby and the Leger, and now I've made my winter's keep over Berrill.



HAMLET ADAPTED.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hamlet. RT. HON. ARTHUR BALFOUR.

Polonius. RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

Polonius. "DO YOU KNOW ME, MY LORD?"

Hamlet. "EXCELLENT, EXCELLENT WELL. YOU'RE A FISHMONGER."

Polonius (proudly). "I AM, MY LORD."

Hamlet. "I'M GLAD YOU'RE SO HONEST A MAN."

Polonius (rather puzzled). "HONEST, MY LORD?"

Hamlet. "AY, SIR; HONEST. TO BE HONEST, AS THIS WORLD

GOES, IS TO BE ONE MAN PICKED OUT OF TWO THOUSAND."

Polonius (satisfied). "THAT'S VERY TRUE, MY LORD."

[Wednesday, October 24. Mr. Chamberlain was presented with the freedom of the Fishmongers' Company. On the same evening Mr. Winston Churchill, addressing his constituents, referred to the attacks made on Mr. Chamberlain's personal honesty.—*Vide "Times," Oct. 25.*]



"GARN! YER WEAR YER FATHER'S BOOTS!"
 "SO DO YOU! AN', WOT'S MORE, YER FEEL 'EM!"

FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.

Summing up.—Before ending my holiday at Oban, I wish to put on record that I am a convert to Scotch Sabbatarianism on Sunday. No postman appears; ergo neither letters nor papers, except for those persons to whose existence the receipt of letters and papers is essential. If any such there be at Oban, they can go themselves, or send, to the post office, between nine and ten on a Sunday morning. Between four and five in the afternoon they can send as many telegrams as they can write in the time and pay for.

Boating, riding, driving, and every form of labour, or amusement, is discountenanced on Sunday. No small craft about, sailing or rowing; yachts lie idly at anchor. A very few carriages drive in from long distances, bringing visitors into the town for morning church. Service over, the promenade is crowded on a fine Sunday, at mid-day, but top-hats and stiff go-to-meeting clothes are rarities. "The Church Parade" is decorous; and but for nearly every one carrying, quite naturally and unostentatiously, several devotionally bound books, it might be a gathering for a flower show, or of some highly respectable wedding parties before the festive breakfast. After one o'clock silence without; feeding within. The gay time is the Sunday evening parade. As the dusk grows dusker, couples become more affectionate; air is colder, hearts are warmer; and as evening merges into night, outlines become blurred, and colours blend. It is an eager and an embracing air.

So quiet! A stroll is the thing. Forth I fared. First northwards. Here I find a few people, scattered about, sedately reading, quietly discussing, meditating; a fair sprinkling of couples, deeply interested in themselves, occupying such seats as a considerate Town Council has so match-

makingly placed among the rocks and under the trees on the point of land beneath Dunolly Castle; perches for love-birds. So far so good: tranquillising effect; I retrace my steps. . . . Stay! Is it possible? What do I see—a vehicle containing four tourists! Is it so, have they been to some distant place of worship? Hum—they don't look like it: they are depending on one another for mutual support (this is evidence of brotherly and sisterly love), and are all decidedly somnolent. Just as they are disappearing, there rattles along the front a char-a-banc! full of trippers, by all that's unsabbatarian! Noisy trippers, too! I am profoundly indignant.

"Stay!" said I to myself, "maybe these people, having been at work all the week, have come here from Saturday to Monday, and only on Sunday have they the slightest chance of seeing the country and benefiting their bodies and minds by the beautiful sights, the soothing sounds and the reposeful atmosphere of these lovely surroundings. Without a trap and horses for a two-hours' drive or more, they would have missed all this; and if their throats have required moistening, well, this is an exception that proves the rule of sobriety and rest on Sunday at Oban."

My last morning.—The cheery Captain of the gallant *Fusilier* salutes us as we go aboard for a final run up to Fort William and back. Fine type of commanding officer in the Macbraynian Loch-Marine Service is Cap'en MACALLUM (or, if you forget his name, you can call it to mind by styling him "Cap'en What-you-may-callum") of the aforesaid gallant *Fusilier*, one of the best boats of this fleet. The Cap'en brings up alongside of the landing-stage in splendid style, under the very guns of Fort William! By the way, there are no guns, and there isn't any Fort; nor any William; but these are mere details.

I should not be doing my duty towards Oban did I omit all mention of the spick-and-span police force. They wear caps instead of helmets, and carry a handy sort of switch, silver-mounted. They walk with a light and airy step, quite merry "Switch-boys." In orderly Oban, orderly in a general way that is, there is not much occupation for the natty constables, though now and again, on certain occasions when the braw laddies, having taken a wee drappie i' the 'ee, are inclined to make themselves a trifle objectionable to staid citizens, the spy police of Oban know exactly when and where their services will be required, and cleverly keep out of sight until the psychological moment arrives.

On the climate.—Is Oban relaxing? Personally, I do not consider it so; but, anyway, it is a first-rate place for "relaxation."

Farewell visit.—Dunnolly, or Dunollie, Castle—that is, the ruins of what was once upon a time Dunollie Castle—picturesquely situated at the northern entrance of Oban Bay, can be inspected three times a week by kind permission of the spirited proprietor who permits visitors to walk through a portion, and a very pretty portion too, of the estate, on certain days, charging only the trifling sum of threepence a head for entry within the walls of the ruin itself. I trust that these threepennies, which must bring in a considerable amount during the tourist season, do not go to any "restoration fund." The threepences won't be restored, of course; neither, let us trust, will be the ruins. I fancy they are devoted to some charitable purpose. Personally I prefer the view of the castle from the bay, to the view of the bay from the castle. From the rocks below I behold a most glorious sunset; for in glorious sunsets Oban is rich indeed. The milkman's sonata on the bell, heard in the middle distance, for the last time, warns me that the hour of dinner is near at hand. It needed no milkman's bell to tell me this.

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Adoo! Adoo!—To Dunollie is always a pleasant stroll. To-day it has a melancholy interest for me. Goodbye! I visit it on the last afternoon of my vacation. Most appropriate; *Done 'Oliday Castle.*

AFTER VACATION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You, who are the friend of the young, can, I think, spare a thought from your cares to the freshmen lately folded to the breast of Cambridge or of Oxford. From all quarters of the world have they taken their way, some with high ideals of the little life they are to live within those grey and venerable walls, some with thoughts of a happy time relieved of the incubus of school-masters, and exalted by the possession of a cheque-book and a moderate balance at the bank. But they are all freshmen, youngster upon whom trials and troubles have set no defacing mark, gay, light-hearted, shy and unspoiled in mind, in heart, and it does a veteran good to live with them, even though it be merely in imagination, for a moment.

How silently, how swiftly and how relentlessly the years go by and separate us from our freshmanhood by an ever-widening gulf. Yet, I look back through the mists of memory, and, lo! clear and distinct above the rest the days of my novitiate shine out! I see the great Court of Trinity, I hear the splashing of the fountain, the evening bell that called us to chapel, the laughter and shouts of the gowned and hurrying men trooping to service. I see the sturdy ancient porter standing squarely in his gateway, and I feel again the discomfort of the cobblestones with which the court in those dim irrevocable days was paved. Happy freshmen of to-day! You still hurry to chapel, I doubt not, but your feet tread a smooth, well-flagged pavement.

But the grass-plot, I suppose, is still sacred to the feet of Fellows of the College. Not even the freshman may plead his innocent habit of walking over his lawns at home as an excuse for desecrating with his impious tread the college turf. Yet, such is the daring nature of freshmen, that now, as in former years, when the nights are dark and the porters are asleep, they may be dimly seen dashing over the lawns to their rooms, wild figures of enterprise and revolt against the laws.

Lately, straying through my old college, I noted three grave and solemn cats sitting with an air of ownership at the foot of a staircase. There they had sat, it seemed to me, since my own distant first October term, and there they will sit as the ages roll. For, though dogs are forbidden, the cat is a lawful animal in college, and many are the votaries of the whiskered Pasht. Does she still, I wonder, insert herself heedlessly into narrow spaces between rafters and roof and make night clamorous with her pitiful appeals for extrication? For even cats are not always happy. Moreover, there was once a dog,



Curman. "NOW THEN, MISS, WHICH SIDE ARE YER COMING?"
Nervous Beginner. "I—I DON'T KNOW YET!"

a lively fox terrier, who "kept" in rooms in the Great Court, and was lowered into Trinity Lane in a basket from an upper window. Having chanced one night to alight on the head of the Dean, his college career came to an untimely end. The plea that his vile body was merely being used as a convenient weight to test a new system of pulleys was, I regret to say, received with the chilling suspicion which in those days froze the relations between dons and undergraduates. That, too, is, I am assured, altered now, and every Dean treats every freshman as if they two were twin brothers.

There is no life so like its description in books as life at a University. The heedlessness, the cheerful extravagance, the gay frivolity, the sport, the talk, the meetings, the encounters, the cuttings of lectures and chapels, the dinners—all these remain the same from generation to generation. Bed-makers still wear their bonnets and shawls, gyps hurry from room to room and grow rich, but never old, in their hurrying, and tutors' breakfasts to freshmen are still arctic in their moral

atmosphere and severely restrained in the conversation that they produce.

However, be happy, freshmen, while you may. Great traditions of manly effort and endurance and accomplishment, whether in the schools or in the no less worthy intercourse of playing field and river, are yours. All the heroes of the past, whose great names and whose mighty deeds you rehearsed at school, are now a part of your splendid inheritance. You will learn to be men, not by forgetting to be boys, but by giving free scope to all the bright and happy impulses that spring from youth and high spirits—always, be it observed, within the limits of becoming mirth. And therefore—but I remember: it is to Mr. Punch that these lines are properly addressed. He, from his seat of wisdom, smiles, I know, upon all freshmen and gives them greeting.

THE VAGRANT.

WHY is the German Emperor the larkiest monarch in the world?—Because he is at the head of everything in Berlin, which is always on the Spree.



Dealer (to Customer in search of a hack). "NOW, SIR, IF YOU WANT ONE FOR PLEASURE, I CAN RECOMMEND THIS. BUT IF YOU WANT ONE FOR LIVER, I SHOULD ADVISE THAT!"

ESSENCE OF DON JOSÉ.

(Extracted from the *Inner Consciousness of Toby, M.P.*)

FAR away the most interesting portion of the book about Don José's work and life, just published by HUTCHINSON, is the earlier half, leading up to promulgation of the Unauthorised Programme. The author is obviously a Birmingham lady, and only Birmingham people can realise what Don José has done for the material, educational, and moral advancement of the town they love with clannish feeling rare on this side of the Tweed. If Don José had never been anything more than Mayor of Birmingham he would have established a unique position. He found a large area of the town a nest of slum. He left the borough a model for municipalities. Of course, he had co-workers. So had NAPOLEON, through his long series of campaigns. It was Don José who inspired

them with his own energy, his dauntless courage, his directness of purpose, his large and liberal views. Born too late to assist in building Rome, he made Birmingham.

Wisely quoting where necessary contemporary records, Miss MARRIS gives a clear and graphic account of Don José's chrysalis state, and his inevitable emergence. The Member for Sark chanced to make Don José's personal acquaintance just twenty-six years ago, at the turning point of his career. Mayor of Birmingham, in 1874, it became his duty to act as host to the Prince and Princess of WALES. Already he had begun to be an object of public interest. He was suspected of being tarred with the brush of Republicanism. He was certainly dissatisfied with things generally as they were managed outside the radius of Birmingham. In the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* he had, a few months

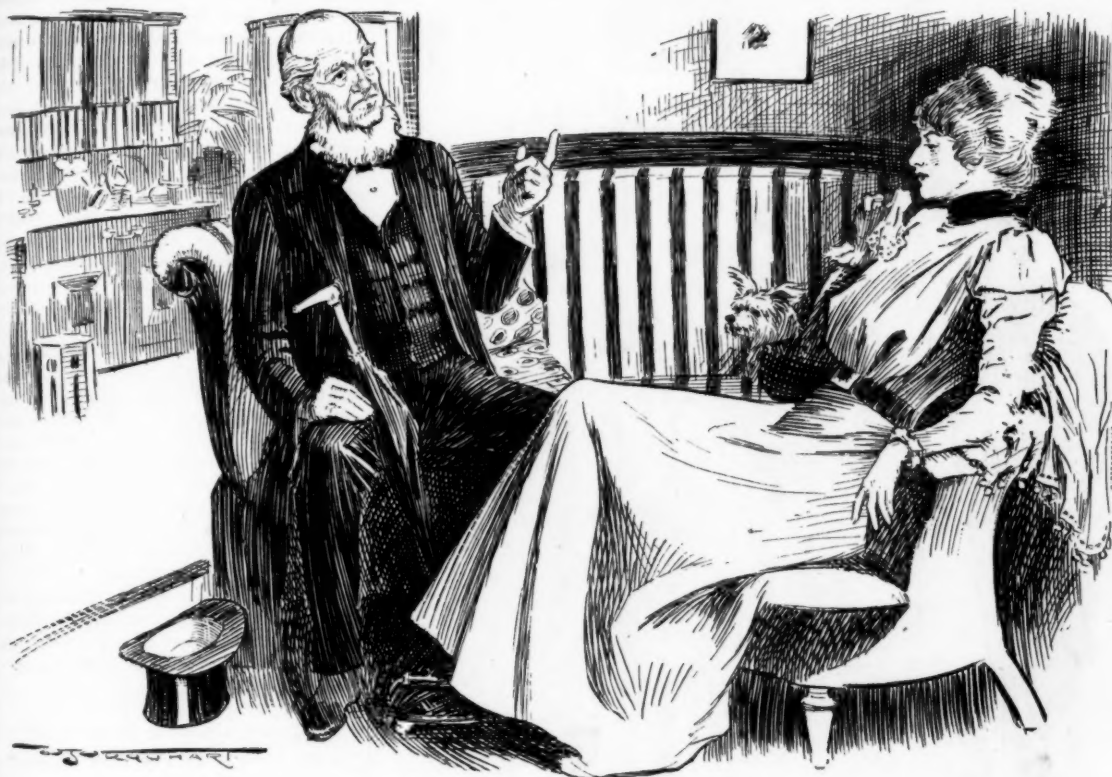
earlier, given Mr. GLADSTONE his sailing orders, and put the Liberal party straight. How would he comport himself with unaccustomed royalty as his official guests?

Well, as they say at Edgbaston, he did it à merveille. The impression then made on that exacting judge, that acute man of the world, the Prince of WALES, founded an appreciation growing in warmth and strength in the more intimate connection arising out of marvelously developed circumstances since created.

There are two Don JOSÉS, one known to a continent that hates and fears him, the other familiar to a little islet of family and friends who see in him the most lovable of men. Among the interesting illustrations that add to the value of Miss MARRIS'S book are two portraits. One, taken so recently as August this year, present Don JOSÉ seated in his orchid house. In the steadfast outlook, the sternly closed lips and, above all, in the hands nervously clasped as if the interlaced fingers were closed over the head of Oom PAUL, is seen the Don JOSÉ of public life. In another portrait, taken in company with his son AUSTEN, the Colonial Secretary is effaced, the centre of the picture being reserved for the columnar figure of his boy AUSTEN, of whose first House of Commons' effort, essayed amid the fiery heat of the Home Rule Disruption, Mr. GLADSTONE said, "It was a speech that must have been dear and refreshing to a Father's heart."

Don JOSÉ is, in brief, a dire enemy, a peerless friend. Indispensable when the Unionist Government was formed in 1895, he would take nothing for himself until he had exacted a pledge that certain of his ancient comrades should be provided for. This faithfulness, rare in political life, has for the last five years been a fruitful source of flouts and jeers. The Member for Sark tells me (and perhaps I should not give the secret away) that herein lies DON JOSÉ'S vulnerable point. You may revile him as you please, attack him where you can. He comes up smiling, ready to give at least as much as he gets. But to say a word of disparagement of JESSE COLLINGS, to whisper doubt of POWELL WILLIAMS'S heaven-born genius as a man-of-war, cuts him to the quick.

DON JOSÉ has that magnetism of character which, commanding mankind, enables him to move mountains. Speaking in 1868 of the local organisation which, later, became known as the Birmingham Caucus, and did much to dominate the constituencies, he described it as designed "to perpetuate the Liberal representation of Birmingham." As long as Don JOSÉ wore Liberal colours that purpose was effected. However politics might shape themselves outside the Midlands, Birmingham was true to the pole of Liberalism. When Don JOSÉ turned



"WERE YOU IMPRESSED BY THE PARTHENON, MR. MCTURK?"

"IMPRESSED! WHY, IF YOU 'LL BELIEVE ME, THE BUILDING IS NAETHING BUT A HEAP O' RUINS!"

his steps in the directly opposite direction, Birmingham, with more or less of docility, went with him. To-day, the representatives of the once Radical Metropolis, and a large tract within its sphere of influence, form the backbone of the party supporting a Tory Government. At both epochs Birmingham was honestly convinced that it was in the right.

The record of English history will be searched in vain for a parallel case of personal supremacy. One can imagine the pathos that shakes the voice of the Squire of MALWOOD, as, strolling through the New Forest, now in the sore and yellow leaf, he chants the wistful ballad of the Pilgrim of Birmingham:—

Full twenty years and more are past,

Since I left Brummagem;

I set me out for home at last

To good old Brummagem.

But every place is altered so,

There's hardly a single place I know;

And it fills my heart with grief and woe,

For I can't find Brummagem.

The Birmingham of the Corn Law League, of the Charter, of rampant Radicalism on all current political questions is as dead as Carthage. And DON JOSÉ of all men buried it.

C. I. V. ILITIES.

[The following letter, written by a City Imperial Volunteer to his mother in Glasgow, after the great march, has been forwarded to us for publication.]

Kambersfontein.

DEAR MOTHER,—I am sure you will like to hear about our entry into London. You are always interested in my soldiering.

Well, we entrained at Southampton. Our colonel had commandeered two trains for us. And ultimately we found ourselves at Padder River Station, so-called from the canal which is near it. We tumbled out sharp, and formed up on the platform. The station was empty, but the streets were full of burghers. They showed us every civility, however, and cheered as we passed. They had even hung out flags for us. It was just like marching into Johannesburg over again.

After we'd gone four or five miles, and were beginning to feel rather done, we were halted while the mayor made a speech and handed over the keys or something to MACKINNON. We would much rather have had a drink. The streets were very narrow here, much narrower than Pretoria, and the buildings not near so fine. But the people were

still quite well disposed, and cheered us heartily as we passed. It was very curious—quite like a captured city.

Then we made our way along a still narrower little street called Fleet Street. It had apparently been barricaded at one time along its entire length, for there were baulks of timber everywhere. But the mines, if there were any, didn't go off, and we got safely to the Cathedral, where there was service. It was at the top of a steep hill. We called it Cannon Kopje from Cannon Street, close by.

After service we re-formed and marched to the Guild-kraal, where everybody outspanned and ate till they pretty well busted. And I can tell you they wanted it! But it was a prime feed all the same. Then there were speeches. Everybody said we were heroes, and were as civil as possible.

Altogether, it was a most successful march, and there were few casualties. It was the only time we were afraid of encountering "de wet."—Your affectionate

TOMMY.

THEATRICAL MEM.—Curious that at Wyndham's Theatre the part of a Canon should be played by A. Bishop!



Hostess. "WHY, MR. SMITH, I'VE HARDLY SEEN YOU ALL THE EVENING! NOW I PARTICULARLY WANT YOU TO COME AND HEAR A WHISTLING SOLO BY MY HUSBAND."

Smith (whose hearing is a trifle indistinct). "A WHISKEY AND SODA WITH YOUR HUSBAND! WELL, THANKS, I DON'T MIND IF I DO HAVE JUST ONE!"

DRAMA À LA MODE.

(A Suggestion.)

MR. PUNCH, having been struck by the fact that the public taste has turned of late in the direction of light musical pieces, and mindful of the recent metamorphosis of a successful comedy into a musical play, begs to offer the following luminous suggestion to certain theatrical managers. Whilst fully aware of the success achieved by Messrs. MAUDE and HARRISON in SHERIDAN's comedy, and by Mr. WYNDHAM in the drama of Mr. JONES; yet Mr. Punch feels certain that a greater

triumph would await the transformation of these two plays into ordinary musical comedies. They would probably run a few years then, in place of a few months. Appended are a few rough directions.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

(A Musical Comedy in Two Acts.)

ACT I.—Garden at Lady Sneerwell's House. A fancy-dress fête in full swing. This allows good scope for chorus-work and effective costumes. Miss MARIE LLOYD as Lady Sneerwell should be well provided with songs. The less attempt made to follow SHERIDAN's story the

better. Sir Peter Teazle (Mr. WALTER PASSMORE) and Lady Teazle (Miss ADA REEVE) in a quarrelling duet (with dance to follow), would be very effective. Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, having doubled the parts of Joseph and Charles Surface, may be safely relied upon to dislocate most wittily the entire action of the piece. His revived song about "The good young man that drank nothing but Porter—water" is sure to create a *furor*. Mr. GEORGE ROBEY, with his well-known gift for historical impersonations, could give an effective picture of the beau—Sir Benjamin Backbite. He must not interrupt Mr. ROBERTS, however, too often with "Oh, how rude!" As Sir Oliver Surface, Mr. HARRY MONKHOUSE is sure to be immense, and to do full justice to the high colouring.

ACT II.—Banquet Hall in Charles Surface's House. Great opportunity for Mr. ROBERTS as the convivial host—with impromptu speeches. His sudden transformation (done in the wings) to Joseph Surface, with a discourse on conjugal happiness, should prove the "hit" of the piece. The love-interest can be well left in the hands of Miss PRETTYSMILE and Mr. HIGHNOTE. The genius of Mr. ROBERTS is not so well suited for portraying the romantic affection of Charles for Maria.

MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE.

(A Musical Comedy in two acts.)

It would be best to entirely remove the serious atmosphere of this clever work, before it can be expected to succeed as a musical play. Mr. DAN LENO (whose long experience in feminine parts—especially married ones—should be of great assistance) may be safely entrusted with the rôle of Mrs. Dane, and this inevitably suggests Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL as Sir Daniel Carteret. The two might give their old pantomime duet, "You don't mean to say so—I do," in a comic cross-examination scene. Canon Bonsey should be reduced to a curate, and as such—Mr. PENLEY is, of course, the man. Mr. Punch is brimful of other brilliant suggestions, but these, perhaps, suffice to show how Mrs. Dane Leno's Defence—beg pardon—Mrs. Dane's Defence might become a splendid musical success.

A BRILLIANT GAS RETORT: The new SUGG lamps in the Strand, at the corner of Wellington Street. In street-lighting electricity has long held the field. Enter Mr. SUGG, with a couple of his thousand-candle lamps under each arm, and the adjoining electric lights blink in dismay. In magical result, ALADDIN's lamp nothing to WILLIAM SUGG's.

"THE BOXERS."—About December the 26th, "The Boxers" will be found everywhere in England. Don't be afraid; these will be "The Christmas-Boxers."



DARING DOGS!

BRITISH SAILOR. "WE DON'T WANT TO LIVE IN NO BLOOMIN' PAGODA, DO WE?"

GERMAN SAILOR. "NEIN! DOT SUBBOSIN' ODER BARTIES VANTS TO OGGUBY HIM?"

BRITISH SAILOR. "WHY, THEN, WE BLOOMIN' WELL RESERVES TO OURSELVES THE RIGHT TO TALK IT OVER!"



WEEDING OUT THE OLD 'UNS; OR WHICH WILL HE SUPER-ANNUATE?

Chorus of Elderly Coryphæes. "OF COURSE, SOMEBODY HAS TO GO; BUT SURELY IT CAN'T BE ME! I'M AS YOUNG AS EVER!!!"

[The only one who is quite safe, of course, is Signorina José.]

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATER-COLOUR-MEN, R.I.

ONE of the most delightful picture-shows of the year is that of the Water-colourists and Pastellists at the Royal Institute. The Gallery, situated as it is at the top of three flights of stairs, flights not by any means of imagination, ought certainly to exhibit nothing but specimens of the highest art. PHIL MAY's are first, as he is No. 1 in the catalogue, and his are the first seven on the walls, of which "Scandal" and "Dismal Nico" are the pick of this bunch; but, later on, No. 365, of the same artist's work, "An Orphan," undoubtedly takes the "bun," and, indeed, the poor boy looks as if he wanted it badly. Then notice 336, the *Volendam Child*, which sounds like swearing but isn't. Insert "good" between the last syllable of the first word and "child"; that describes her. Let the visitor go to Nos. 169 and 170, by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I., sketches, full of military life and character,

Sir JAMES D. LINTON has taken an ecclesiastical turn, and seems to have stained glass in his eye. He represents WESLEY, LATIMER, ST. EDMUND the MARTYR, ALCUIN and BUNYAN all in the same window together. From the stained-glass-window point of view, all excellent men according to their "lights."

Mr. BERNARD PARTRIDGE's *Sir Henry Irving* (223) as Hamlet, "a drawing from memory," is quite a masterpiece. As a life-like, soliloquising portrait it is wonderful. The Garrick Club should not let this great chance slip, and should purchase it for its unique collection. The portrait of the Artist by himself, is very good, for he has apparently seen himself as others see him. There is no price put on his head. Evidently the artist knows a trick worth two of that, and is not to be "sold."

Miss EMILY FARMER's two children in No. 241, *Sweet and Bitter*, are delightful. *Autumn's Golden Crown*, by E. G. WARREN, R.I., is glorious in colour, showing many a country chiropodist engaged in cutting somebody else's corn.

270. A *Sussex Common*, by E. M. WIMPERIS, Vice-President,

R.I., will make you consider whether it is not risky to go any further than the frame without an umbrella.

(339) *The Phyllis* and (345) *Billy Taylor's Sweetheart*, by the President, R.I., are good specimens of the handiwork of GREGORY the Great.

J. AUMONIER, R.I., gives us nine pictures of Clovelly, which place he evidently visited in the very sunniest weather. Probably, with a microscope, the wasps which swarm there might be detected. We could "linger longer" in Dutchland with Messrs. MACQUOID, RICHARDSON and FINNEMORE, all Royal Insti-tutors who we trust will have many first-class pupils in their school, but our time is limited. Walk up, Walk up!

OLD SAW Re-SET.—Lord ROSEBERY has severed his connection with the turf and sold his racing stud. He will now give his undivided attention to politics. This course necessitates a considerable amount of speechifying. Thus his Lordship may be said to have reversed the well-known advice given by DUCROW to the author of an equestrian drama, and to have decided to "cut the osses and come to the cackle." *Prosit.*

The British Army for Ever! Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue! Never shall England want a soldier as long as there are whole regiments of them in the most brilliant form of "Scraps," horse and foot, all Tucked up comfortably in the Christmas-is-coming Boxes of Xmas Cards and other novelties prepared by Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. LABOUCHERE, looking through the book advertisements, came upon the following announcement. "*The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain; The Man and the Statesman*. Price 10s. nett." "And very dear at the money, too," said the SAGE (late) of Queen Anne's Gate, lighting another cigarette.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MY Baronite's acquaintance with ghosts is neither extensive nor peculiar. But if as a class disembodied spirits are as sweet, as gentle and as lovable as the late *Agnes Rivers*, the heroine of *The Gateless Barrier* (METHUEN), he would desire further acquaintance. In the design of the story, LUCAS MALET set herself a difficult task. An Englishman who has married a real spy American beauty, visiting his ancestral home, makes the acquaintance of a lady who has been dead, and should have been buried, nearly a hundred years. In spite of mortal conjugal relations, *Lawrence Rivers* makes love to the ghost who, in the prettiest, most pathetic manner returns his love. It is obvious that here is opportunity for making a ludicrous mess of things. LUCAS MALET, with delicate yet firm touch, from first to last steers clear of bathos. Her story is rather a beautiful poem than a prose narrative. A daringly original thought has been worked out with unflinching success.

The Random Recollections of a Publisher (SIMKIN & Co.), by MR. WILLIAM TINSLEY, "which his name was ever 'BILL,'" are, to the Baron, decidedly interesting, and not a little amusing. Herein contemporaries or barely contemporaries, more or less known to one another and to the general public, some of them meeting for the first time in these two volumes, form a kind of Happy Family in a Happy Land where actors, authors, actresses, artists, publishers, publicans, singers, pressmen, composers, compositors, barristers, betting men, dancers, doctors, in fact, all Bohemia, between St. John's Wood and Margate inclusive, live, move and have their being, sometimes in merriment, sometimes in doleful dumps; sometimes in funds, sometimes penniless; but always more or less careless, generous yet selfish, always open-mouthed and often open-handed; easy-going as money might be easy-coming; ready to do a *confrère* a good turn that would require no great exertion; men full of strange oaths and warm-hearted sentiments. Such was the Bohemia that MR. TINSLEY knew and loved so well; where, "once upon a time," the Random Recollector and the Baron must have foregathered. He takes us back to old Vauxhall; what little he has to say about Mr. Punch is fairly correct and proper: and he is hereby informed that no one was ever at any time authorised to describe himself on his visiting card as "correspondent of Punch." The Random Recollector becomes a trifle mixed as to the ABECKETT family; but as MR. Toots says, "It's of no consequence, I assure you." Also he is in error as to the sequence of events in the history of GEORGE ROSE, *alias* "ARTHUR SKETCHLEY." But other reminiscences may be forthcoming which will put such trifles right. But in the meantime these will serve. MR. TINSLEY's recollections awaken slumbering memories, and conjure up, for the Baron at least, some old familiar faces, and the cheery tones of many a brilliant companion when all the world was young.

It is no secret that the General Election was arranged for in high places with the certain expectation of sweeping the country. On examining the dust shovel at the end of a laborious and costly process, it is found to contain two seats. This certainly beats the mountain in labour, which, as everybody knows, brought forth only a mouse. Here be twain. The result, unexpected on both sides, doubtless owes much to the energy of the Liberal Publication Department, which flooded the constituencies with literature designed to show the results of "Five Years of Tory Government" and the like. MR. CHARLES GRAKE and his colleagues in Parliament Street have a pitiless way of piling up damaging facts and figures forgotten in the rush of events. My Baronite believes that if MR. BURRELL had been on the subscribers' list of the Department, and had obtained a supply of its formidable electioneering pom-poms and small arms, he would to-day be one of the Members for Manchester.

Christmas is coming, and the Christmas Books are arriv-

ing in Christmas Boxes. "Allow me," says my Baronite, "to introduce at once to both boy and girl readers *Jones the Mysterious*, by CHARLES EDWARDES (BLACKIE & SONS). A child-wonder, indeed, is this *Master Jones*. His sudden and uncanny disappearances at times when the reader is most interested in his movements, supply the principal incidents of quite the most exciting and humorous story of school-life we have read for a long time."

Young lady readers must certainly patronise *Cynthia's Bonnet Shop*, by ROSA MULHOLLAND, and I am sure they will be delighted with both *Miss Cynthia* and her sister *Beind*, who are the principal characters in this very charming story. Such is the opinion of my Baronite.

My Baronite informs me that she has not the slightest hesitation in advising everybody young enough to enjoy the story, to make the acquaintance of *Miss Nonentity*, by L. T. MEADE (W. & R. CHAMBERS). She will be found a very delightful person who proves herself to be a "Miss Somebody" and of considerable importance, too.

The Story of a School Conspiracy, by ANDREW HOME (W. & R. CHAMBERS), telling of a deep-laid plot and of hairbreadth escapes! All guaranteed to fill the heart of every schoolboy with keenest joy. "Tolle lege, Tolle lege!" O Schoolboy! or irreparable will be thy loss.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

NEW RENDERING OF AN OLD REFRAIN.

AIR—"Vive la Compagnie."

WE'RE glad to welcome you back again,

Vivent les C. I. V.'s!

You've fought for honour with might and main,

Vivent les C. I. V.'s!

It doesn't seem much for a Briton to do,

To risk all he's got while he's fighting for you,

He does it—he's proud of the Red, White and Blue,

Vivent les C. I. V.'s!

Chorus.

Vive la Reine! et Vive la Paix!

Vive Lor' Maire de la Cité!

Vivent l'Empire et les Colonies,

Et vivent les C. I. V.'s!

(Chorus put into quasi-French, just to show that we can be loyally Canadian when we like. Another cheer—"Vive Lor' STRATHCONA!" That's better than shouting, "Vive KRUGER!"—a German, by the way—not even a Dutchman!)

DRAWING WALES AT THE PALACE.

IF MR. CHARLES MORTON, manager of the Palace Theatre, were not a delightfully engaging man, it is evident that the many fair young ladies composing the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir would not have become engaged to him. Their talented Personal Conductress, Madame CLARA NOVELLO DAVIES, would have set her face—a most expressive face, too—against it. 'Tis a rare thing to see gathered together in any one place twenty-four young ladies—the total of the blackbirds baked in a pie—all engaged! And all engaged to one man! But there they are, engaged to MR. MORTON for a season. And when the Palace is open, not only do these Welsh birds begin to sing part-songs excellently well, but Miss JENNIE FOULKES (young FOULKES, of course, she has left the "old FOULKES at home") and Miss JANET GARNETT (precious is a GARNETT!) step forward to give us solos that delight the audience; the latter young lady showing herself of great promise as well as of first-class performance.

With their eyes on the adroitly wielded bâton of Madame DAVIES, the Royal Welshesses chaunted their spirit-stirring national song, "*Echt Teery Ew Dnal Riaf*," which includes the sweetly melodious and popular ballad, "*Ynnej Senoj*." Gallant Little Wales will crowd to the Palace Theatre of Song for this! Also for the entire entertainment, which, varying and varied, reflects the greatest credit on MR. CHARLES MORTON'S management.



A P T A I N
A B N E R
hesitated
a moment.
"She's a
mighty
fine wo-
m a n,

SAM," said he; "but if I
go and set the case afore

her, and she agrees to ship with me, then I can't ask the other
one, and there might as well be no other one. And she's as
pert a little clipper as ever I seed, SAM; and she likes sailin',
that she does."

"Now, don't you worry about that," said SAM. "You jes'
say all you've got to say to her and hear all she's got to say,
but don't sign no papers till you talk to the other girl. Hurry
up, and walk along the beach a little farther off."

Without waiting for an answer, SAM TWITTY galloped away,
or that was what he would have done had he been a sheep-dog.
He darted in between Mrs. SICKLES and her companions, he
turned her down the beach, he talked to her in rapid snaps
about the sea, the sky, the sand, and before she knew it he had
driven her alongside of Captain ABNER. Then, with what
might have been compared to a bark of satisfaction, he bounced
away to join the others, who were looking for shells.

In about ten minutes SAM TWITTY's port eye told him that
Captain ABNER and the toll-gate woman were approaching, but
in ABNER there were signs of a disposition to fall back. In an
instant he had bounded between them, and was showing shells
to the widow. Then, letting her go on by herself, he turned
sharply upon ABNER.

"Well," said he, their heads close together, "what did she
say? Is she all right?"

Captain ABNER threw a glance over the water, as if his soul
were yearning for the fancied possibilities of Thompsonstown.
"Oh, it's all right enough, so far as she counts," said he. "I
went straight at it, and put the whole thing afore her. I told
her about the house and the two parts to it, and what they was
for, and she said that was charmin'; and I told her about the
king conch-shell and the gilded idol, and she said she thought
either one of them would be jes' lovely, and nothin', she

believed, could be better on mantelpieces than gilded idols or
king conch-shells. And everything else was jes' as slick and
smooth as if she was slidin' off the stocks. She's good-lookin'
enough, SAM, but she ain't got no mind, and I didn't fix up that
house, and bother myself, year in and year out, gettin' it all
right, to take it and give it to a woman what's got no mind."

"And don't she suit you?" asked SAM eagerly.

"No, Sir," replied the other; "she don't suit."

"All right," exclaimed the ever-ready SAM, "jes' you wait
where you are for one minute." In less than that time the
agile SAM had rounded up Miss DENBY, and had her walking
along the beach by the side of Captain ABNER; and whether she
thought that skilful skipper was going to show her some rare
seaweed, or the state of his mind, made no difference to SAM.

The good Mrs. SICKLES was standing alone, reflectively gazing
upon the little waves, so SAM had no trouble in carrying off the
minister to a short distance for a few confidential remarks.

"I want you to tell me, Sir," said he, "if there's any reason
why you couldn't marry a party, right here on the sea-shore—I
don't believe there could be any more fittin' place, 'specially
as one of them is a sailor. People don't have to have no
licence here in this State."

Mr. RIPPLEDEAN laughed. "As I am a regularly ordained
minister, I can perform a marriage anywhere in this State,"
said he, "where, it is true, no marriage licence is required,
provided the parties are of legal age, and there are no objec-
tions. But who wants to be married?"

"I can't say, jes' now," answered SAM, "matters isn't
settled yet; but everything is goin' ahead lively with a stiff
breeze, and I guess we'll get into soundin's pretty soon. I
only spoke to you to know if you'd be all right when the
couple's ready."

"There is nothing the matter with me," said the young man,
"but I would like to know—"

"Jes' you lay-to for a while," said SAM, "and I'll tell you
all about it." And then, noticing that Mrs. SICKLES was
glancing toward the Captain and his companion, as if she
thought to join them, he dashed out to cut her off.

Meanwhile, Miss DENBY, with glowing eyes, was saying,
"Yes, I do love to sail, and to sail in a small boat, close to the
water, almost as if I were in it, skimming like a bird with my
wings dipping. Oh, it is grand! And you have a sail-boat?"

The Captain answered, "Indeed I have; and there's none better, either for sailing on the wind, or before the wind, or with next to no wind at all."

"How wonderfully you must sail it. I could not keep my eyes off you as you brought us over here. It was grand! You made her do anything you pleased."

The Captain smiled and nodded. "But I think of my house as much as I do of my boat, Miss," said he. "I've got a mighty nice parlour that's as good as any ship's cabin; and now let me put this p'int to you. If you had a big king conch-shell, the prettiest you've ever seen, and it was on the middle of the mantelpiece, and you had a gilded idol in another place, would you put the idol where the conch-shell was and the conch-shell where the idol was, or would you leave 'em both jes' where they was afore?"

The young woman laughed. "What kind of an idol would it be?" she asked. "A beautiful piece of carving?"

"Tain't that," said Captain ABNER; "it's jes' a piece of wood whittled out by a heathen, but it used to be in a temple, and it's gilded all over."

"Oh, dear," said she, "I don't think much of that sort of an idol. I might like to be a gilded idol myself, if I had the right person to worship me. But, as for a wooden idol, I wouldn't put that on the mantelpiece, and I am of the same opinion as to the conch-shell."

"But it's a king conch-shell," said the Captain.

"I don't care," said she; "king or queen, it would be all the same to me. But if I were you I think I would be most of the time in the boat. What is a house, no matter what it has in it, compared to a boat dancing over the waves and speeding before the wind!"

Captain ABNER looked at her. "I expect you'd like to learn to steer, wouldn't you?"

"Indeed I would," she answered. "There is nothing I would like better."

Captain ABNER put his hands into his pockets, and gently whistled, and then, leaving him, Miss DENBY ran to join the toll-gate woman. Down swooped SAM TWITTY.

"Is it all right?" he whispered to ABNER.

"All up," the other answered, "and I'm glad of it. She don't want no gilded idol, and she don't want no king conch-shell. She wants her hand on the tiller, that's what she wants. She's got too much mind for me. After I've been workin', year in and year out, gettin' my affairs the way I want them, I don't fancy anybody comin' down on me and takin' the tiller out of my hands."

SAM made two or three steps forward, and then he stood gazing in the direction of the setting sun. Resting on one slipped foot and extending the other before him, he folded his arms and remained a few moments wrapped in thought. Suddenly he turned.

"Cap'n ABNER," he cried, "it won't do to sink this chance! It'll never pop up agin. You must have spoke pretty plain to that toll-gate woman, considerin' the way she's been turnin' it over in her mind."

"Yes, I did," said Captain ABNER, "and that's the way I found out what she was. But I didn't ask her to ship with me."

"And you don't want her to?" said SAM.

"No, I don't."

"And you don't want the other one, nuther?"

"No, I don't," replied Captain ABNER, doggedly. "I don't want nuther of 'em. And I say, SAM, the sun's gettin' down and it's about time for us to be settin' sail."

"There's a good stretch of sky under that sun yet," said SAM; "and jes' you wait a bit, Cap'n."

SAM TWITTY walked slowly along the sandy beach; he looked as a sheep-dog might look, who was wondering within himself whether or not he had brought back from the fields as many sheep as he had taken out. He stopped and gazed about at

the party. Captain ABNER was walking toward the boat, the Minister and the DENBY girl were standing together comparing shells, and the toll-gate woman was strolling by herself a little higher up the beach, still in a reflective mood. SAM glanced from his companions to the sky, the water, the beautiful glistening sands.

"It's a shame to lose all this," he said to himself, "it's a burnin' shame to sink it all." Then suddenly, as if his master had whistled, he sped to the side of Mrs. SICKLES. Backwards and forwards these two walked, SAM talking earnestly, and the toll-gate woman listening with great interest. Captain ABNER now and then gave them an impatient glance, but the other couple did not regard them at all.

"But, Mr. TWITTY," said Mrs. SICKLES, "this is so unexpected. I had an idea of the kind about Cap'n ABNER, for I could not help it, but you—really. I've heard of you, often, Mr. TWITTY, but I never saw you until to-day."

"Now, Mrs. SICKLES," said SAM, "you couldn't have had a better day to see me in, if you'd waited a year, and speakin' quick and sharp as I've got to do, for the sun's keepin' on goin' down, there couldn't be a better day to marry me in."

"Oh, Mr. TWITTY!" cried Mrs. SICKLES, with a flushed face.

"There couldn't be a better time or a better place," said SAM, "with a minister right here, and two witnesses."

"But, Mr. TWITTY," said she, "I really thought that Cap'n BUDLONG—from what he told me about his house and his things—"

"Cap'n ABNER is one of the finest men in this world," interrupted SAM, "and he's got a fust-class house, and he's got all sorts of things from all parts of the world that he's put in it; but I can get a house and things to put in it, and I can do without gilded idols and king conch-shells—and what's still more to the p'int, Mrs. SICKLES—I want you, and he don't."

"There's something in that," said the toll-gate woman; and then she added, "but as to marryin' you here, and now, Mr. TWITTY, it's not to be thought of."

SAM walked slowly away; one might have thought his head drooped under a rebuke. He approached the young minister and the girl of the buggy.

"Look here," said he to the former, "you don't mean to say, Sir, that you'd back out of marryin' a couple right here and now, that was growed up and of full age, and nothin' to hinder?"

"Marry!" cried Miss DENBY. "A wedding right here on this beautiful island! Oh, that would be glorious! Who wants to be married?"

"I do," said SAM.

They both laughed. "But the other person?" asked Mr. RIPLEDEAN. "Who is to be the bride?"

"Oh, the bride'll be Mrs. SICKLES," said SAM. "But the trouble is she ain't altogether willin'."

"I told you," said the merry Miss DENBY; "you know I told you that you are the funniest people I ever met, and you truly are. People generally come to an agreement between themselves before they speak to the clergyman."

"Mr. TWITTY," said the clergyman, "I strongly advise you to give up your present notion of immediate matrimony, and wait, at least, until all parties agree upon time and place, and upon the other circumstances of this union for which you seem so impatient."

"Hello, SAM!" shouted Captain ABNER, from the water's edge. "Ain't you comin' along?"

SAM made no answer to anyone. He walked silently down toward the boat. Everything seemed to be breaking loose from him, and slipping away. His old friend, who had so long wanted "her," and who had prepared his house for her, and had set out to look for her, had declined to take her when he saw her, and he, SAM, who had so thoroughly understood the opportunities which had been spread before the little party that afternoon—

and who knew what would happen if these opportunities were allowed to slip out of sight?—had been set aside by one woman and laughed at by another; had been advised by a clergyman, and had been scolded by Captain ABNER. His soul resented all this, and he saw that the edge of the sun was nearly touching the rim of the distant sea. With a great slap upon his thigh he sprang to the side of the boat, and turned and faced the others, all of whom were now approaching him.

"I am to sail this boat back to Thompsonstown," he cried. "It's been agreed I'm to do it, and I'm goin' to do it; but one thing I'll tell you—the sun can go down, the night can come on, and you can all stay here till mornin', if you like, but this boat don't leave this island with me at the helm till I'm a married man." With this he skipped on board, sat down in the stern, and clapped his broad hand upon the tiller.

There was a burst of astonishment from the rest of the party, as SAM thus seated himself at bay. Even the girl of the buggy did not laugh.

"But I must go home," she cried, "before it is any later. My friends will be waiting supper for me."

"Don't matter," said SAM. "Supper can wait."

"Look here!" said Captain ABNER.

"I don't want to look here," said SAM. "I'm lookin' a different way, and it's Mrs. SICKLES I'm lookin' at. And you needn't none of you look cross at me. I'm to steer this boat home, that's settled, and I don't steer her an inch till I'm a married man."

The others gathered together on the beach and gazed with varied emotions upon the determined figure of SAM as he sat in the stern, one leg crossed leisurely over the other, his protruding slipper lighted up by the rays of the setting sun.

"What is the matter with him?" asked Mr. RIPLEDEAN. "Is he crazy? Does he really think of forcing us to remain here until he shall be married? I never heard anything—"

"So delightfully absurd," interrupted Miss DENBY.

"There's nothing crazy about SAM TWITTY," said Captain ABNER. "He's as sound as a nut, body and soul. But when SAM makes up his mind he sticks to it. Now, sometimes, when I make up my mind I don't stick to it. He's a good man all round and he's got enough to live on, though he never was a cap'n; but you couldn't find a better fast mate than him, or a better sailor, except, perhaps, somebody what's had a leetle more experience. SAM made up his mind that we was all comin' out here for a weddin'—everything faillin' together exactly to suit, wind and tide and everything else. But SAM ain't going to force nobody to do nothin'; he ain't that kind. All he's goin' to do is to stay here till he's married."

The girl of the buggy clapped her hands. "Oh, that is fine!" she cried. "It is like lifting you up on a horse and dashing away with you. Oh, dear Mrs. SICKLES, take pity on him and on all of us. If you do not, I shall have to talk to him myself and see if I—"

Mrs. SICKLES was not inclined to give attention to any such idle words as these, and she stepped up to Captain ABNER.

"You seem to think very well of Mr. TWITTY, Sir," she said.

"Indeed I do," he answered. "There ain't nobody I think more of, on watch or below, in storm or fine weather, take him as you find him, than I do of him."

SAM TWITTY had not heard any of the remarks which had been made on shore—he had been communing with himself—but now his active mind would no longer permit him to sit still. Springing to his feet, he stepped forward and stood up in the bow of the boat, and cast his eyes over the little party in front of him. Then he spoke:

"Mrs. SICKLES," said he, "I want to put a p'int to you that's been put to you afore, but I'll put it a little different. If there was a gilded idol and a king conch-shell that you

knowed of, and you was asked which of them you would like to have for your own, and you only could have one—"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Miss DENBY, "here is that delightful gilded idol and conch-shell again. I wonder what they will do now."

The toll-gate woman was paling and flushing, and these changes of countenance, combined with her becoming summer dress and her straw hat, made her very attractive to the eye. Without waiting for SAM to finish his remarks, she spoke:

"I am very sure, Mr. TWITTY, that both the things you mention, from what I've heard of them, would be very nice and pleasant; but you see, Mr. TWITTY, I don't—"

SAM suddenly stepped upon the rail, steadying himself by the mast, "Mrs. SICKLES," he cried, "I'll put it plainer to you—supposin' you couldn't get the gilded idol?"

Mrs. SICKLES now saw very clearly that there was no more time for hesitation. She stepped a little forward.

"In that case," she said, "I'd take the conch-shell."

With a bound SAM TWITTY sprang upon the shore, and the next moment he had seized the blushing Mrs. SICKLES by the hand. For a moment he gazed proudly around, the sunset light casting a ruddy glow upon his countenance, which made it almost as rosy as that of his companion. Then he tucked her arm under his own, and turned toward the minister.

"Please step this way, Mr. RIPLEDEAN," he said; "that little bluff there, with grass on it, is the place I've picked out for the ceremony, and, Cap'n ABNER, I'll ask you and that young woman to follow along after us and stand up for witnesses."

Just as the upper edge of the sun disappeared beneath the glowing sea, the name of SICKLES departed from observation and recognition on that line of longitude. But in the glow upon the faces of Mr. and Mrs. TWITTY there was nothing to remind one of a sunset sky. It might have been supposed, rather, that they were gazing eastward and that the morn was glorious.

Having gravely saluted his bride, SAM lifted up his voice; he was used to that sort of thing, for he had been a boatswain. "Cap'n ABNER BUDLONG," he exclaimed, "step aft and kiss the bride."

When this command had been obeyed with urbane alacrity, SAM called out again, very much as if he were piping all hands to osculation, "Reverend Mr. RIPLEDEAN, step aft and kiss the bride."

When the minister had retired from the performance of his duty SAM cast a speaking glance in the direction of Miss DENBY. He looked as if he would say that on this occasion it was a great pity that anyone should be left out. The girl of the buggy understood his glance, and lifted up her voice in laughter.

"Oh, no, Mr. TWITTY," said she; "it is not the custom for bridegrooms to kiss witnesses."

"Oh, no," added Mrs. TWITTY, in tones of approbation, and these were the first words she spoke after she had ceased to be SICKLES.

As that boat of blissfulness sped across the bay, before a strong breeze from the west, under a sky full of orange-coloured clouds, SAM TWITTY's strong hand grasped the tiller with an energy which would have been sufficient for the guidance of a ship-of-the-line. As the thin sheets of water curled over the lee-scuppers of the boat, that feminine right

hand which held SAM'S left never trembled nor tightened its hold, and when the clergyman, sitting by Miss DENBY, asked her if she felt at all afraid, she cheerily replied,

"Not with the gilded idol and the king conch-shell both on board. No, not I!"

The honeymoon of Mr. and Mrs. TWITTY was spent in Thompsonstown and lasted three days, for at the end of that time the bride's brother demanded to be released from the care of the toll-gate, having other duties which were incumbent upon him. But when SAM and his wife spoke of leaving "The Spinnaker Boom," Captain ABNER was perfectly willing to go with them. His face bore an expression of contented resignation.

"I'll drive you two back, SAM," said he; "'tain't no more use for me to stay here. I don't believe I'll find her, and I give her up."

On the way home the happy Mr. TWITTY burst out laughing. "It do seem awful conical, Cap'n ABNER," said he, "after all we said about comin' home, that me and her should be settin' on the back seat and you drivin' in front alone." And when this remark was explained to Mrs. TWITTY she laughed very heartily indeed.

SAM did not go directly back to Shamrick. His wife had a good house and could not, without due notice, give up her public office, and so he determined to remain, for the present, in the very pleasant quarters thus afforded him. But he vowed with considerable vehemence that Mrs. TWITTY should keep the toll-gate no more; this duty, so long as it had to be performed, he would take upon himself, and he found it a most congenial and interesting occupation.

"Like it!" he exclaimed to his wife, after his first day's experience. "It's as interestin' as readin' the paper. Everybody that comes along seems ready for some different kind of chat. And when that young woman with the buggy happens to be drivin' this way, she don't pay no toll. I'll pay for her myself, every time, on account of her sarvices as witness."

"No, you don't, SAM TWITTY," remarked his consort; "that young woman pays her own toll, every time. While I'm here I don't want no changes in the customs of this toll-gate."

It was about a fortnight after SAM TWITTY'S wedding that this well-satisfied individual, being called to the gate by the sound of wheels, beheld a buggy with Miss DENBY sitting therein. In answer to SAM'S cheerful greeting, she did not laugh, nor even smile.

"I saw your friend, Captain ABNER, about a week ago," she said, "as I drove through Shamrick, and he looked dreadfully solemn. I think his disappointment is wearing on him. It is a great pity that a man who can sail a boat as he can should have a moment's sorrow on this earth. It almost made me feel sorry he found out I wanted to learn to steer. I think that was the only barrier between us. And he would have taken me out sailing every fine day!"

"Oh, no, no," said SAM, "that never would have done. You could not have kept your hands off the tiller. If he had known what was good for him he would have married her." These words he spoke in a confidential tone, and pointed with his thumb behind him. "But he had the chance, and he didn't take it; and now I don't wonder he's doleful."

"You ought to go and try to cheer him up," said Miss DENBY, gathering up the reins. "Do you expect to go on keeping this toll-gate, Mr. TWITTY?"

"I'd like to," said SAM, "if you're goin' to keep on travellin' this way."

"Oh!" said Miss DENBY, with a reproving smile.

"Yes, indeed," said SAM, "for it reminds me of such a happy day."

"Oh!" said Miss DENBY, as she drove away with her nose in the air.

A few days after this SAM did go to Shamrick, and walking on the street he met Captain ABNER; but, to his surprise, that individual did not look at all doleful. There was a half smile on his lips, and his step was buoyant. The two old friends clasped hands with much heartiness.

"You are as gay as a pot of red paint," said SAM; "you must be feeling well."

"I should say so," said ABNER; and then, after a portentous pause, he added, "I've got her!"

"Got her!" exclaimed SAM, in amazement. "Where did you get her?"

"Got her here."

"And who is it you've got?"

"SUSAN SHELLBARK."

"SUSAN SHELLBARK!" cried SAM. "You don't mean to say that?"

"It's SUSAN SHELLBARK; and I do mean to say that?"

"Why, you've known her all your life," said SAM.

"All my life," was the answer.

"Then why didn't you take her 'fore?" asked his friend.

"Because I hadn't been to Thompsonstown, to see what I could get there. Of course I didn't want to take anybody here until I found out what there was in Thompsonstown. Now I know there ain't nothin' for me there."

"And so you take SUSAN SHELLBARK!" interrupted SAM.

"And so I take SUSAN SHELLBARK."

SAM looked at his friend for a moment, and then burst out laughing. "Give me your hand," he cried. "I'm mighty glad you've got SUSAN SHELLBARK, and I'm mighty glad you went to Thompsonstown."

"So am I," said Captain ABNER. "If I hadn't gone to Thompsonstown, I'd never have got SUSAN SHELLBARK."

"That's so," cried Sam. "And if you hadn't made up your mind to go to Thompsonstown, you and me'd never got stuck at the toll-gate with nothin' but a five-dollar note. I'm mighty glad we was stuck, Cap'n ABNER; I'm mighty glad we was stuck!"

Thereupon the two friends shook hands again.

"But there is one thing I want to ask," said SAM, "what about the gilded idol and the king conch-shell?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Captain ABNER; "they're both to go on to the mantelpiece—one on one end, and t' other on the other. That's to be the way with everything we've got. You've knowed SUSAN SHELLBARK as long as I have, SAM, and you know she'll stick to that bargain."

"That's so," said SAM; "she'll stick to that bargain. Both of you'll be on the mantelpiece—one on one end, and the other on t' other."

Frank R. Stockton